

Modern We Are Family,

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Summary: The Isle of night, more Night Furrys, a plot made by Outcasts, all this insane season Finale awesomeness, but with a twist. Modern A/U

1. Chapter 1

****Oh my Thor everyone! I cannot tell you how exited I am to be writing this finally! So onward brothers! And may the force be ever in your favour.****

****Disclaimer: Hehehehe, not exactly XD****

* * *

><p>Our town is pretty isolated, there's nothing for about sixty miles in any direction. Well, except for the abandoned farm or so, and the 'Outcast,' hideout (a group of gangsta's).<p>

We're unlike any other town on the map, so it's important for us to be a part of a family. To protect each other, and, of course, celebrate stupid things every once in a while, witch is just an excuse for everyone to get drunk.

This is the story of the time my family saved my ass when I had a little incident with the 'Outcasts', but before you go accusing me of being an idiot, I have to say, IT WASN'T MY FREAKING FAULT! *sigh,* okay let me start over.

* * *

><p>"A little to the left!" Gobber said, as a few townspeople put up a banner that said 'Bork Week'. Bork Week is a week of the yearâ€| Uggg I'm so bad at remembering these things... Sometime in July I believe, but it's a week where we honer this guy that lived in Berk a few generations ago.<p>

He was a dragon killer, I suppose we all were before I found Toothless. But he wrote everything he knew from studying dragons, down in a bunch of spiral notebooks and buried them under his house.

The my dad then spent two weeks transferring that into a Hard-drive that he keeps in Gobber's computer repair shop.

During Bork week, the schools all do like a celebratory all-night thing, where all the seniors all get drunk. Gobber usually puts on a movie he made on his computer of .gifs of everyone in school doing... things.

For example, last year he literally put on an hour long video of me trying to bench press fifty pounds.

But this year will be better, I hope. Now that we don't have little dragons burning down our houses.

You're probably wondering a lot of things right now. Like how I can't lift fifty pounds, why the dragons don't attack anymore, and what my name is.

To make things easier, I'll answer the last question first, my name's Hiccup. Yeah, you read that right, Hiccup. As in 'Hicc, Hicc, I'm drunk.' (Which I'm pretty sure my dad was when he named me).

Second question: The town used to be plagued by reptilian creatures about the size of an iPad mini, everyone would shoot them. And you were considered a 'man' once you did. I kinda missed, when aiming for one flying outside my bedroom window. I found it a few miles away, and it's tail was badly damaged. (Meaning a flap was completely blasted off), I'd worked at Gobber's computer/appliance store since I was littler, so I made it a tail out of the parts to a toy helicopter that I could control via remote. Gobber started teaching us target practice, and after befriending a dragon shooting the life out of them wasn't so appealing.

Toothless (I'd called my dragon because of it's retractable teeth) led me far off the outskirts of Berk, to a cave full of little dragons. It was then that I realized dragons were more than pesticide. And decided to stop my town from killing them.

Long story short, a queen dragon the size of a semi truck smashed my leg. So I also got a fake limb. Once I dragged myself back to town, bleeding like hell, my dad figured it out. And a few weeks later, we weren't shooting them anymore. Except the one that smashed my leg, that one got hunted down by my dad.

And the first question: I'm not exactly would you would find in the dictionary next to the word 'Sexy.'

Then there's all my friends/family, Gobber is my dad's right hand man, literally cuz he only has a right hand, and a left foot. Or maybe vice versa, I don't really pay attention. He owns Berk's only computer repair shop, it's also an appliance/cellphone store. I've worked there to try to pay for a car, but considering there's still a Barbie-Girl bike that I spray painted black in my front yard, I should work there more.

My friend Astrid would be considered the female role-model for Berk, she's beautiful, tough, and a very good shot. She has a pet Deadly Nadder named Stormfly. She has really pretty blonde hair, and blue eyes, that match a streak in her bangs. Yes, I've had a crush on her for a while.

Fishlegs is probably the smartest person on Berk. I mean he built a fully operational, life sized pinball machine on Minecraft, in two hours. Although none of the adults on Berk think that's very cool. He has a pet Groncle named Meatlug.

There's the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut. The two of them are big time gamers, you name it: Skyrim, Minecraft, Halo, Slenderman, Modern Warfare, Flappy Bird. They are masters. Ruffnut is a big time tomboy, and Tuffnut is just sort of an idiot. But we love them for it. They share a two-headed Zippleback named Barf and Belch.

Then there's Snotlout. There's a song that played during Bork week last year, it goes like this: 'I'm to sexy for my shirt, I'm so sexy it _hurts,_' That song often comes to mind when thinking about him. He's one of those 'I'm to beautiful to die,' people. Plus he's a jerk sometimes. I mean it's cool that I can play Taylor Swift's 22 on gaiter right? He has a pet Monstrous Nightmare named Hookfang.

And then there's my dad. Others call him 'Stoick the Vast,' he's the mayor of Berk. He's also incredibly over protective. I mean he locked me in my room for a week when I was 13 after coming back from the mall with a leather jacket and fingerless gloves, thinking I was gong goth.

He eventually moved on, and I'm actually wearing a leather jacket right now.

I got on my iPhone and sent a group message to all my friends.

Me: Hey guys, meet me at the Dragon Nest at noon.

Astrid: Whutevs, C U then. ;)

Ruff: Can we make that 12:30? I've got a... Stuff.

Tuff: I second that.

Me: Alright, 12:30s fine.

Snotlout: You can't tell me what to do!

Me: -_-...

Snotlout: I hate u, but fine.

Fishlegs: What do u have planned for us this time Hicc?

Me: It's a surprise ;).

* * *

><p>Bleh Bleh Bleh. Words words words. L-8-r peeps.

2. Chapter 2

****Well, the other day I was thinking, and I decided that since Nutella had both Hazelnuts and Chocolate which comes from coca which makes it a plant, Nutella officially counts as a salad. The end. ****

****Disclaimer: I... Nope.****

*** * ***

><p>I looked at my watch, Snotlout should have been there. I mean I did say 12:30 and it was already 1:15.<p>

"Well, looks like Snotlout decided to skip out on us, bummer." I muttered.

Everyone else had shown up, including the twins, who were having a contest to see who could spit the furthest at the moment.

"Will you finally tell us why we're here?" Fishlegs asked, bubbling with excitement.

"Alright," I said leaning against the rocky wall beside me. "The other day I was-"

"I'm here! Your lives just got better," a voice announced, as a dirt bike pulled up.

"Took you long enough!" Astrid hissed.

"P-a-lease, you think I wake up looking this good girl? A face like this needs work." Snotlout declared.

"Never mind that, do you guys want to know why your here?" I asked.

"Yes," Astrid said passively.

"Alright, The other day I was tuning my guitar using a pitch pipe to get the write notes, when I realized that Toothless was reacting to the notes, like this." I said pulling my pitch pipe out of my pocket.

I hit a quick F# and waited.

"That's what you brought us out here for?" Snotlout asked. "To play your pitch pipe into the wind?"

"Just wait Snotlout!" Fishlegs sneered.

"Pft! Dragon calls," He muttered, sitting on a rock.

In some messed up attempt to amuse himself he took out a lazer pointer and flashed it in the direction of the twins. They were instantly mesmerized.

"Uh, guys?" I asked.

"So stupid," Snotlout muttered with a sick smile.

"Snotlout!" I snapped.

"What? It's funny? fine..." He muttered putting it away.

"Ugg! Gone again!" Tuffnut yelled, snapping out of his trance.

I tried the note again.

"And... Nothing! Can I go home now?" he asked.

Toothless instantly flattened out to a stiff board and sped as fast as his little legs could carry him back to us.

"You were saying?" Astrid hissed, brushing her peacock-colored hair out of her eyes.

"Okay...I hate to admit it, but that was pretty cool..." Snotlout said, obviously very displeased with himself for having been impressed by something I had done.

"Not nearly as cool as that disappearing red thing." Tuffnut said snickering. "You can never catch it."

"Fishlegs, You wanna show us the note your dragon reacts to?" I asked.

"Thought you'd never ask," He said taking center stage. "The pitch of the note is as unique as the Groncle itself, raw, guttural, intense, yet with a subtle lilt-"

"Just do it already!" Snotlout snapped.

He took hold of the pitch pipe and hit a note that was so low, I didn't even know my pipe could hit it.

Meatlug came flying immediately.

"Well done Fishlegs!" I said.

"Oh, I'm not done! Watch this!" He said.

He blew harder, practically vibrating the ground.

"Euugg, I don't even want to know _what _part of his body _that _came from." Tuffnut said. "Or do I?" He questioned.

More Groncles appeared in the sky.

He exhaled deeply. "I've got to take a knee." He declared.

"Wow, nice herd!" Astrid said.

I felt a pang in my gut. I told myself to ignore it.

"Be home for dinner!" Fishlegs called into the sky as Meatlug joined the herd. "Were having granite! It's her favorite."

"Anyone think they can beat that?" I asked.

"I'll give it a shot!" Astrid said.

She blew a soft high note into the pitch pipe.

"Uh... I hate to be Norbert the Negative, but you're gonna have to blow a little harder than-" Fishlegs started but was interrupted by the shocking fact that Astrid was singing.

She sang, a strong, yet beautiful note in the exact pitch she made in the pipe. It was shocking, because I only ever heard her sing before when we did a duet to Just Give me a Reason feat. Nate from Fun. and that was alone in my bedroom.

...

Not like that...

Almost instantly a herd of Deadly Nadders appeared in the sky. That feeling was back, 'Go away,' I kept saying in my head.

"Good job Astrid, first try!" I said.

"I have an important question!" Tuffnut declared.

I rolled my eyes, "Is it actually important this time?" I asked.

"Uh yeah, It always is. Like, why are we even doing this anyway?" He asked.

"Well, first of all you never know when you're gonna be separated from your dragon and the only way to communicate with it is to call it." I said.

"Yeah," Snotlout said abruptly "Car crashes, Outcast Attacks, Sheep Rebellions." He listed the words on his fingertips.

"Whut?.." Tuffnut asked.

I gave up on that part. "Second of all, it's Bork week, and my dad asked us to put on a dragon air parade." I said.

"Why do we care about this Bork guy anyway? Wasn't he a dragon killer?" Ruffnut asked.

"Hey, Bork only killed dragons in self-defense. He studied them, wrote about them, lived and breathed them. And without him, there would be no Book of dragons." Fishlegs said.

"And without the book of dragons there'd be no-" I started.

"Reason for you to live?' Snotlout asked.

I glared at him, not wanting to think about my life before I met Toothless. Rejected, and alone.

"Dragon academy, actually. And there would be no really cool dragon air show." I said.

"So when we do this 'Really cool dragon air show, whose _he _gonna fly with?" He asked.

The felling finally exploded in my chest, spreading to every fiber of my being. The feeling that Toothless was the last Night Fury.

"Yeah.. still working that out..." I muttered

* * *

><p>A few hours later I sat on a cliffside, letting the rest of the universe go unnoticed as Toothless played in the grass.<p>

'Hey, check out my Nadders. I finally got them flying in perfect formation." Astrid bubbled pointing to the sky.

"Wow, yeah, that's that's great." I said passively.

"Hiccup?" She warned.

"I've just been thinking, Stormfly has other Nadders. Hookfang has a whole herd of Monstrous Nightmares. And Toothless has Toothless has no one." I said

"He has you. And he looks pretty happy, if you ask me." She said

"You know what I mean." I said

"Hiccup, Toothless will be fine. Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. Your father and Gobber are looking for you. They wanna see you in the great hall. They looked serious." She told me.

"Yeah, great. Happy Bork week to me." I said to myself.

**Hey. sorry for the wait. My mom has my iPad and so I can only update at computer design class when I have free time. Here are some waffles for your troubles.
###**

-Brambleyourinternetstalker.

End
file.